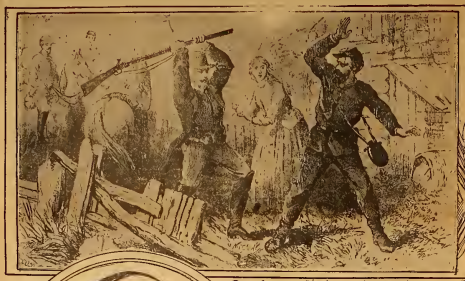
U. S. GRANT WAS BORN 100 YEARS AGO TODAY



Grant punishing a Union Soldier for insulting a Southern woman.



Grant's Birthplace in Ohio



Grant's Father

Photos by courtesy of Judge Grant Jackson.



Grant's Mother





Grant in Camp, 1864

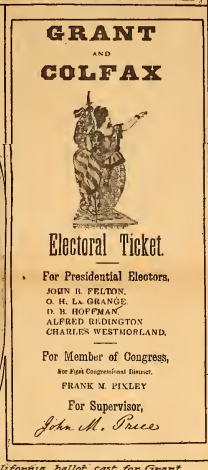
General ULYSSES S GRANT in 1865



Grant as a Second Lieutenant



Lee's Surrender



California ballot cast for Grant

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LOS ANGELES (Loce Ahng-hayl-ais)

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THE SHADOWS
Among Conan Doyle's photographs of ghosts is one with a bullet hole in its head. Must have been made with an airgun.

ON THE LINKS
Gen. Coxey says that golf will estrange President Harding from the people. Don't ever believe it. It is one of the links that make him more human.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS
Count Tolstoi says that the Genoa conference is but the curtain-raiser for a new war. For the love of reason, what are they going to fight with? Why can't the eight-ounce mitt be the standard tool of battle?

THE BEST EVER
There are nearly one hundred thousand home-owners in Los Angeles. And think what it means to have a home of your own in the City of the Angels! What can heaven offer as compensation to one who already has a Southern California bungalow?

THE REFORMERS
One of the reformers at the Pan-American Conference of Women is vigorously demanding the abolishment of the cabaret. If she thinks she is spiting the men she isn't. It's the women who keep the cabarets alive at both ends. If the world has nothing worse than the cabaret to worry over it should be a very happy and wholesome world indeed.

SOURCES OF POWER
The scientists are quite sure that power will be distributed by wireless. Electrical energy will be transmitted through the ether. Some day the power of the imagination will be harnessed and made to run a sawmill. Anyhow, the mind will think it runs it and that will answer the same purpose. The well-directed mind will be able to think itself out of all troubles and into all joys.

SAFELY LANDED
Capt. John Safely of the ship Waterwitch had a remarkable experience off the Oregon coast the other day. There was a rough and boisterous sea and while he was at his post a mighty wave swept over the ship and carried him off into the deep. But the next roller was a still mightier one and carried him clear over the rail and back upon his craft. He went over Safely and came back Safely. There must have been something in the name, after all. Otherwise it was a miracle that happened.

PARISIAN DIVORCES
The French people are indicating a grouch because so many Americans are going to Paris for divorces. That should not bother the Parisians very much, but they are at least talking about it. They say that a great many women come over there as tourists, but remain long enough to acquire a residence. Then they turn up in the divorce court. Paris has Reno beaten as a waiting station. Nevertheless the French people feel that there is some scandal in divorce and they do not crave the reputation of being a refuge of home-wreckers. There is talk of making it more difficult for the American tourist to wash the domestic linen in France.

WEALTH AND SPEED
Henry Ford is now said to be worth more money than John D. Rockefeller. If this is a fact it will furnish the philosophers with material for their spare moments. Henry seems to gather more dough by putting the price of his wares down, while John is alleged to garner his gains by boosting his up. Henry says he would rather make $100 apiece on a million cars than $1000 each on a thousand. It was asserted that if gasoline should be advanced to $1 a gallon it would only be a matter of time before the Rockefellers had all the money in the world. But the fact remains that Henry gets his first. Folks have to have something to pour the juice into and so they open the veins of one of Henry's tin Frankensteins. One of the points for the philosophers is that the two richest men in the world gain their wealth through their response to humanity's itch for speed. One furnishes the horse and the other the oats.

HOW WE ASSIMILATE
What makes Los Angeles a white spot on the financial and industrial map of the nation is its unlimited powers for assimilation. If there is overproduction, expansion or speculation another trainload of fresh citizens arrives to take care of it all. The city has had various realty booms at times. It has traded on inflated capital. It may have overbuilt itself. But always it comes to itself. It has had its hours of dissipation, but it never even awoke with a headache. It always recuperates without the loss of blood or flesh. It is experiencing the most wonderful industrial expansion of any city in America. It is possible that some lines may not be able to show profit for many moons, but the losses and hardships will be so spread or absorbed that no scar will remain. New faces are coming in every day and new markets are being created with every sunrise. At this moment more homes are being erected in Los Angeles than in any other city in America—not even New York excepted. Yet this is not overcreation. It is in blunt response to the law of supply and demand. There is not a project or constructive venture now under way but what can be assimilated without hardship. The city expands, but it does not spurt.

THE NIGHT RIDERS
The night ride at Inglewood and the disasters that attended it have taken on a national importance.

The eyes of the law-abiding people all over the United States are upon this incident—waiting for the sequel.

There is a general realization that this masked outrage is, in a sense, a crisis that affects the whole nation. If the wave of mob lawmaking that is sweeping over the country is to be checked before an irreparable harm has been done, this is the time and the opportunity.

Thus far, the District Attorney and Sheriff and Coroner have played their parts faithfully and well. They have all three acted with intelligence, promptitude and a firm determination to see the thing through to the end. If the action of the authorities results in weeding out this noxious weed the good results will be largely due to the forceful investigation made by Assistant Dist.-Atty. Doran at Inglewood.

The crucial struggle, however, is yet to come. Arrangements have been made to carry the investigation to a special grand jury to be summoned by Judge Houser. It is to be hoped that this inquiry will be made firmly and justly and relentlessly—but without excitement.

This affair could easily be rushed into a stampede of mob justice on the other side.

Punishment should be brought to every member of the Inglewood mob and to those ultimately responsible for bringing about the night ride.

If the responsibility is traced to the heads of the K.K.K. the punishment should be swift and emphatic. At the same time, until the responsibility is fixed, they are entitled to the benefit of the doubt.

In other words, this is the time to find out what really happened, why it happened, who was to blame; and this is a process calling for cool, dispassionate investigation.

After the facts are found out, the hand of the law need not be softly gloved in dealing with the situation.

Much good has already been accomplished. In the secret ranks of the Ku Klux Klan there are no doubt many well-meaning citizens who did not fully realize just what they were doing in allying themselves with an organization which erects itself as an extralegal tribunal. There are doubtless a good many chagrined citizens who are now translating the high-sounding oaths they have taken into plain English for the first time since they "joined up." An avalanche of resignations is reported from the order. They have come to their senses.

If the claims of innocence on the part of the Grand Cockalorums of the K.K.K. order are true; if the K.K.K. did not, in fact, order the ride, then the peril is the more extensive. If the K.K.K. did not officially authorize this riot, then it is clear that its mysteries inspire many outrageous events which it cannot control; its course is just so much the more dangerous and reprehensible.

If the K.K.K. lacks the power to keep its members out of night rides that it does not authorize it would appear to be without much progress in the direction of its boasted law-and-order campaign, and without much force. In other words, the K.K.K., even assuming the truth of its declared good intentions, would seem to have started something it cannot control; and had better quit the job.

Incidentally, the witnesses who testified at the Inglewood inquest as accused night riders seem to be sadly lacking in a sense of humor. The excuse for the midnight assault was that the victims were bootleggers who shielded themselves behind technicalities of law. Yet each night riding witness made a running jump to shelter himself behind his technical legal right to refuse to give testimony that might tend to incriminate him!

It would be impossible to believe that there remains one member of the "Invisible Empire" to whom it has not been forcefully demonstrated, within the past few days, that any attempt to bring about the enforcement of "justice" by tribunals that consist of masked men riding around in the dark of the night is a mistake. It must have been borne in upon them all that the court is the proper place, after all, to search out justice.

As one of the witnesses said, when asked why he took advantage of one of the despised safeguards with which the law envelops accused men, "A fellow's constitutional rights are a pretty good thing to hang onto."

When accused themselves, the night riders feel more kindly toward the rules of evidence which make justice slow and deliberate.

Those old rules of court procedure have stood the tests of weary centuries.

Whatever members of the K.K.K. there are who are right-thinking, well-intentioned men have no doubt come to the realization that daylight, judges, courtrooms, rules of evidence, judicial presumptions of innocence are all part of a machinery that will get along pretty well without the assistance of masked riders, hoodoo words, goblin coils, etc.

GRANT'S CENTENARY
One hundred years ago today, in a small, two-room cabin near Mt. Pleasant, O., a baby was born to a family named Grant. They named the baby Ulysses.

It was the start of one of the greatest careers in American history.

There was nothing to indicate that the boy Ulysses was to be the child of a great destiny. He was distinguished chiefly for his extraordinary power over horses. Companions of his boyhood wrote long afterward how the boy had an almost uncanny ability to teach horses to pace. Farmers of the neighborhood often slyly contrived to lend him a colt, because the animal would return from the ride a pacer.

When he was 17 years old his father secured an appointment for him to go to West Point. He had no special hankering for a soldier's life; but, being a good mathematician, graduated from the Military Academy in about the middle of his class.

He asked to be assigned to the cavalry, but was brevetted as a second-lieutenant to the old Fourth Infantry and ordered to Jefferson Barracks near St. Louis.

The year following the Mexican War broke out and young Grant served throughout that conflict in every battle except Buena Vista. He was twice promoted for gallantry in action.

Nearly all the remainder of his army life as a regular was served on the Pacific Coast. He remained as quartermaster of his regiment at Fort Vancouver, near Portland, Or. In 1853 he was promoted to a captaincy and ordered to Fort Humboldt, near Eureka, Cal.

In 1854, utterly discouraged with the dreary life of the barracks, seeing no prospects ahead, he resigned from the Army.

Thirty-two years old, with a young growing family to support, Grant was a failure.

His father-in-law, Frederick Dent, who lived about ten miles out of St. Louis, set aside some sixty acres of land for Grant's use. With his own hands, the future President of the United States built a log cabin which he called "Hardscrabble." He plowed the land, cleared the land, hauled wood and lived the hard life of a small farm drudge.

In the spring of 1860, in despair of getting a foothold in St. Louis, he gave up again and moved to Galena, Ill., where his father had a leather store.

When the Civil War broke out Capt. Grant was given command of his regiment.

President Lincoln soon made him a brigadier-general.

From that time on his career was a triumphal progress.

In February, 1862, when the hopes of the Federal government were at the lowest ebb and the future was beginning to look black indeed, the news swept through the North that Fort Donelson had been invested and Gen. Buckner had surrendered. Buckner was an old West Point classmate of Grant's and wrote asking for terms for his surrender. Whereupon Grant sent the reply which flamed through the discouraged North like a fiery cross: "No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." During the remainder of the war he was known as "Unconditional Surrender Grant," the words fitting his initials.

Then followed the battle of Shiloh, where a large Confederate force under Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston was beaten back to the Tennessee with heavy loss.

In January, 1863, Grant began to assemble the troops to attack Vicksburg. High water kept his army inactive until the following April. Corinth was occupied on May 30 and on July 3 Gen. Pemberton surrendered Vicksburg with the largest body of troops ever captured on the American continent up to that time.

Grant became the man of destiny and the idol of the nation.

Grant was promoted to the command of all the armies of the Mississippi and, in a series of swift and dramatic battles, rescued Rosecrans and his beleaguered armies at Chattanooga; captured Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge and opened the way for the march of Sherman from Atlanta to the sea.

In February, 1864, Congress commissioned Grant lieutenant-general and placed him in command of the armies of the United States.

It was the beginning of the end for the Confederacy.

After the long and bloody campaign of the Wilderness, where Grant gave out his immortal message, "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," the armies of Gen. Lee were forced slowly and inexorably back upon Richmond. Petersburg fell on April 2; Richmond on April 3. On the 9th of April Gen. Lee surrendered at Appomattox and the war was virtually over.

In 1866 he was promoted to the rank of general and every possible honor that the republic could think of was showered upon him.

In 1868 he was elected President of the United States. In 1872 he was re-elected. His one great purpose as President was to reconstruct the shattered nation.

Two years after his second term expired he made a tour of the world which was like a royal triumph. Seldom has it fallen to the lot of any man to receive such a superb ovation during his lifetime.

In 1880 he made what is now recognized as the tragic mistake of his career in running for a third term for President. He was defeated and retired to New York, where he became a nominal partner in the firm of Grant & Ward. Through the rascality of his partner, Ferdinand Ward, the firm failed and Gen. Grant lost every dollar he had in the world.

During the last heroic year of his life, suffering untold agonies from cancer of the tongue, he wrote his autobiography, writing steadily on until the very day of his death. He produced a book which, in his simple sincerity and clarity, takes rank with the great martial works of the world.

The generation which produced Gen. Grant is slipping from the stage. The Civil War is taking on the mellow lines of history. It is now possible to judge Gen. Grant in the cold light through which posterity will view his career.

The star of his glory does not dim with age. The problem of the northern armies was to crash through the Confederate lines; to make the best use of superior power and not to be drawn into adroit maneuvers. He had been handed a hammer to use against a rapier. Gen. Grant had something superior to military adroitness; he had that old-fashioned rare quality called "horse sense."

His example of modesty, of persistence in the face of discouragement, of gentleness and sweetness of character surround his military glory with a peculiar halo of simplicity and wholesomeness.

His aide, Gen. Horace Porter, wrote of him that he had such an aversion against turning back that he would not even retrace his pathway when he found he had taken a wrong road; but always insisted upon having the fence rails taken down and going across lots.

Illustrative of his purity of mind, Gen. Porter tells of the visit of a Congressman to Grant's camp before Petersburg. After dinner a smutty story occurred to the statesman and, with the usual smacking of the lips, he said, as a preliminary, "I see there are no ladies present . . ."

"No," interrupted Gen. Grant. "But there are gentlemen present." And the story was not told.

The Man We Honor Today



THOMAS CAT'S MEWSINGS

The other day we heard a man crying for "justice," yet when the judge gave him ten years he howled like an Arkansas hurricane.

One thing to be said in favor of matrimony as an institution—it takes a man's mind off his other troubles.

We sigh to get in the swim and when we get there we rouse the whole neighborhood hollerin' for the rope.

Sometimes when joy comes to see us we are not at home, but we are always there when trouble clinks the latch for a night's lodging.

One hears less of "Salome" than a few years ago, but fashion is still edging toward her comfortable costume.

Why is it that the woman who has the kind of husband she would swap for four cents when he is alive wants $40,000 for him if he happens to be killed by an accident.

If a wife can't get into hot water in any other way she can always open mail that is addressed to her husband.

What has become of the girl who couldn't take a ride in an automobile unless she had six veils tied around her hat?

Late Saturday night special: If you are going to give any flowers to the living, don't wait too long.

There are still some people who believe everything they read except the gas meter. —[Arkansaw Thomas Cat.

RIPPLING RHYMES

THE KILLJOYS

Jim Jackson has a brand new bus that glitters in the sun, and he's a proud and happy cuss whene'er he makes it run. And we might make him gladder feel if we would but be kind and hand him out the sort of spiel that soothes the voter's mind. Alas, we are not built that way, we're stingy with such talk, and when we see a neighbor gay our impulse is to knock. And so, on slow and dragging limbs which wearily we ply, we push ourselves to Neighbor Jim's and try to make him cry. We view his car and shake our heads and look depressed and say, "It's all done up in blacks and reds and makes a brave display; but gingerbread and paint and brass don't make a worthy van; your car will never cut much grass—the make's an also-ran. They say its pistons are of wood, its springs won't bear its weight, its generator is no good, its frame is out of date. You might have bought, at smaller price, a boat that's better, far; had you but asked for our advice, you'd have a better car." And so, in our poor, foolish way—we are but human guys—we try to spoil our neighbor's day and turn his grins to sighs. We're always doing tricks like these, and low-down tricks they are; and Jackson shudders when he sees the bunch approach his car.

WALT MASON.

THE PUBLIC WANTS HOKUM

BY H. H. VAN LOAN

Now, then, the public, although it has plainly manifested to the exhibitor what it wants, doesn't really know what it really does want. But the exhibitor has a way of finding out, and when the producer turned to him with the question: "What do they want?" the exhibitor came right back with the reply: "They want hokum." Then the producer replied: "Very well, we'll give 'em what they want." So that's what you, the public, have shown you desire, in the way of amusement, during the coming season, and the producer, ever mindful of his public, is going to give you.

Although the public has proved time and time again that it gloats over the stuff, with a ravenous appetite like an epicure, it probably will ask the question: "What is hokum?"

Hokum consists of all the sure-fire situations, designed to stir the greatest emotions in the human breast, which have been recognized as excellent ingredients in every melodrama since the romance in Eden. It's the stuff that you'll find in every successful novel, play or photoplay, and, if you are looking for a concrete example, go down to the Mission Theater and witness how Griffith handled it in his screen version of "The Two Orphans." He tears the blind Louise away from her sister Henriette and then takes his time in bringing them together again. And all the time he's doing it he's working on the emotions of his audience to such an extent that when he brings you to that scene where Henriette sees Louise from her balcony and yet is unable to reach her, you are not occupying one-half of the chair you paid for as you entered. It's hard to equal that sort of suspense and it's always sure-fire. But it is nothing more nor less than plain, everyday, dyed-in-the-wool, blown-in-the-bottle hokum. Griffith is a master of it. He has used it in all of his pictures, from "The Birth of a Nation" down through "The Greatest Thing in Life," "Hearts of the World," "Broken Blossoms" and "Way Down East." He knows the value of it. He knows how it sets the blood tingling and the excitement it arouses in the breast, and he knows that the public loves that sort of thing with all its heart and soul. Griffith knows what the public wants and he gives it what it wants. It wants hokum.

The public wants hokum; real, honest-to-goodness melodrama. Melodrama is yellow drama, and the writer that remembers this and puts it in the story will not have much difficulty in disposing of it to the producer. The public doesn't want any lessons. It doesn't care for preachments in its amusement. When it wants a sermon it will go to some other place besides the theater. It goes to the theater to be amused and not to be censured. People go to the theater to relax and forget their domestic and business cares; to forget themselves. They don't want to be annoyed with problems. They don't want the theater to tell them how to live. When they have a desire to change their mode of living they will go to church and there receive the benefits of religious doctrines and teachings. They go to the theater to be amused. And they want hokum; melodrama, and the mellower it is the better they like it.

The writer that puts hokum in his stories will create a demand for his work. The one who is constantly trying to uplift his audiences will find that his strength will never be put to a great test, and the public will show that it doesn't need his support. Don't attempt to raise the drama. Let it alone. The public will tell you when it wants a change. It always has and it always will. Cater to the public. Give it what it wants. Occasionally an aspiring screen author comes West full of pep and ginger with the announcement that he is going to give the public what he thinks it should have, instead of what it wants. But such an author never worries anyone but himself. Ride along with the procession; stick with the crowd. The fellow that gets too far ahead is in danger of losing the parade entirely. Find out what the public wants, then see that it gets it. It won't be satisfied with anything else. Give it stories of life; life as it is lived today. Real life is filled with melodrama, yellow drama. Melodrama is hokum. Therefore, give it hokum. The real successes on the stage and screen have been stories that were melodramatic; not light, frothy things. The world is full of thrills. The people that live in it furnish those thrills and they're just human enough to enjoy those thrills when they see them on the screen. All of us have emotions. We like to have those emotions stirred and aroused, and suspense, intrigue, mystery and romance are the ingredients used to bring about the desired results. Melodrama does it to a nicety and the audience goes away satisfied. Dress it up, if you so desire; put it in an aristocratic setting or make the background one of poverty; put it on an island in the Red Sea or in the barrens of the northland, but make it melodrama.

Give the people what they want. They want hokum.

A DEFENSE OF GAS AS WEAPON

BY U. S. SENATOR WADSWORTH

[Being an extract from a speech made in the Senate.]

The impression has gone forth that a man who has been gassed is disabled to a greater or less degree for the rest of his life, and especially that a predisposition toward tuberculosis has been set up in his system. Some figures on that are rather interesting. In the Surgeon-General's report for the year 1920 we find this paragraph:

One hundred and seventy-three cases of tuberculosis occurred during the year 1918 among the 70,552 men who had been gassed in action. The number of cases of tuberculosis for each 1000 men gassed was 2.45. Since the annual rate of occurrence of tuberculosis among enlisted men serving in Europe in 1918 was 3.50 and in 1919 4.30 per 1000, it would seem to be apparent that tuberculosis did not occur any more frequently among the soldiers who had been gassed than among those who had not been.

Some of the most eminent investigators of the question have stated, after the most exhaustive investigations, that they are unable to ascertain any marked predisposition toward tuberculosis among those who have suffered from gas. I am well aware that these conclusions reached by men who have studied the question are not in accordance with the public sentiment of the time. I think, however, they are worth relating.

Something has been said upon more than one occasion concerning the effect of gas poisoning upon the eyes. If, again, we will take the Surgeon-General's report, we will find that 56 men in the American Expeditionary Forces were totally blinded—lost the sight of both eyes—440 were partially blinded in both eyes, and 644 were blinded in one eye. Of the gassed patients it is stated that 4 were blinded in both and 25 in one eye, a total of 29. These 29 were only 3.85 per cent of all those suffering blindness in one or both eyes. In other words, the bullets or high explosives and other methods of warfare than gas were responsible for 25 times as many blinded as the gas.

Mr. President, chemical warfare accounted in the British Army during the last 16 months of the war, which was approximately the period of our participation in the war, for 160,000 gas casualties. The death rate of that 160,000 was 2.6 per cent, about one-eleventh of the death rate among those who suffered from bullets and high explosives and shells.

War is cruelty organized. We cannot escape that conclusion. All war is cruel. There is not a weapon used in it that is not cruel. Which is the more cruel, a high-explosive shell which tears off a man's arm and blinds him and condemns him for the rest of his poor life to stagger down the pathway toward the grave, never free from suffering, or a gas wound which mutilates not at all and from which the medical records now show the soldier, in a comparatively short time in an overwhelming majority of cases, entirely recovers? If we are to draw the line of demarcation as between a more cruel weapon and a less cruel weapon, frankly I cannot see why it should be drawn in favor of the high-explosive shell and against the gas.

BEWARE THE HOUSEFLY

Wherever he goes death and disease may follow.

War to death should be declared upon the little pest. His presence is a disgrace. If there is no dirt and filth there will be no flies.

Keep the flies away from the milk.

Don't allow flies in your house.

Don't buy foodstuff where flies are tolerated.

Don't let flies crawl over baby's face or hands.

Don't let flies near baby's food or nursing bottle.

Clean up your premises inside and out and then see that others do the same. Strike at the root of the evil. The housefly breeds in horse manure, kitchen offal and the like. Dispose of these materials in such a way that the housefly cannot propagate. Screen all windows and doors and insist that your grocer, butcher, baker and everyone from whom you buy foodstuffs does the same.

There is more health in a well-screened house than many a doctor's visit.—[Bulletin of Fly Fighting Committee of American Civic Association.

A Safe Wager

We are told that there is nothing sure but death and taxes; still we feel pretty certain that we shall never see a circus parade headed by a Plesiosaurus.—[Boston Transcript.

THIS IS THE DAY

Ulysses S. Grant, sometimes called the world's greatest soldier and twice elected President of the United States, was born at Point Pleasant, O., in 1822. He died July 23, 1885, at Mt. McGregor, N. Y.

Gen. Grant graduated from West Point in 1843 and fought through the Mexican War under Taylor and Scott. On Feb. 6, 1862, he was made a brigadier-general after capturing the two strongest forts in Tennessee. From the day of Grant's command started the turn of the tide in favor of the Union armies. The climax came on April 9, 1865, when he received the surrender of Gen. Lee at Appomattox.

Gen. Grant was always a poor man in worldly goods. The failure of the New York banking firm, the Grant and Ward Company, in 1883 left him practically penniless. But, with his old fighting spirit still unvanquished, he started at once to write for the magazines and to prepare his famous "Memoirs" for the sake of paying the claims of his creditors.

Samuel F. B. Morse, founder of the American system of the electro-magnetic telegraph, was born at Charlestown, Mass., in 1791.

United States naval force of three warships bombarded the town of Matanzas, Cuba, in 1898. The sole casualty was one mule killed.

PEN POINTS

By the Staff

Everybody is sticking to the Liberty Bond these days. It has over 100,000,000 people working for it night and day.

Henry Ford once said that all history was bunk, but it will be noted that he is making the Lincoln motor cars.

The young lady across the way says that since the advent of prohibition she often consults Bartlett's Familiar Potations.

John McGraw gets $65,000 a year for managing the New York Giants, but that is not the reason that so many boys are taking up baseball.

Sheriff Traeger has given orders that no prisoner be allowed to have a freshly laundered collar in his cell. He is likely to saw his way out.

Back East there is a deaf mute running for a county judge. He claims that he could hear motions as well as the next man. Do you get it?

Ear-rings are coming in again, but it is some job for the girls to boll their hair so that it hides their ears but shows the rings. Ever try it?

There is this to be remarked to the credit of Eugene Debs. There is a lot of conservation going on all over the country, but 'Gene is not contributing any of it.

The rumor that Secretary Albert B. Fall was about to retire from the Harding Cabinet appears to have been largely exaggerated. Somebody has taken a Fall out of it.

We in America are too far away from the cemeteries in France to appreciate the fear felt in that country of Germany. Distance robs the scene of much of its effectiveness.

Max Oser, the Swiss riding master, who is to marry Mathilde McCormick, says he is not coming to this country at all. He might do well by opening a garage. They all seem to.

There are all sorts of trade bringers, but the merchant who advertised "A sheet of music with each dishpan" is at the head of the procession. Possibly a bit of jazz music, with the dishpan carrying the air.

Low tourist rates to the West are announced, but similar cuts in fares to the East would be appreciated. But possibly it is further from the West to the East than it is vice versa, or words to that effect.

Lindsay, the New York broker who pleaded guilty to charges of fraud in stock deals, admitted that he robbed his victims of more than a half million dollars. Another proof that Angelenos do not get all the money.

It is not well to overclaim as to the result of the treaties that have just been ratified by Congress. We have not rung in the millennium, but we have taken a step in the right direction. Something should be left for the future to say in praise.

They are now running excursions to Robinson Crusoe's Island, Juan Fernandez, 400 miles from Valparaiso, off the Chilean coast. So shrinks the big world. Soon we may have to go to the poles for romance and when we get there it will vanish.

Why has not some up-to-date moving-picture studio put on the scene of old Aeneas telling the story of his travels to Dido? "On such a night as this," etc., etc. Remember the old familiar lines. Norma Talmadge could do the "bade-her-love-to-come-again-to-Carthage" act.

With the retirement of Uncle Joe Cannon from Congress there will be a vacant chair at the headquarters of the National Press Club in Washington, where almost any evening after dinner and sometimes until the witching hours of midnight Uncle Joe can be seen playing dominoes. And he is always in his shirt sleeves.

Who is to pay the millions called for by the passage of the bonus bill? It has been assumed that it is to be plucked out of the air in some unexplained fashion. But no sincerity is discernible in a devotion to the soldiers which comes to a sudden stop when it is suggested to the enthusiast that he must meet part of the bill.

AFTER YOUR DANCE
(To V. B.)

No thanks requite a flower for having grown;
Men's praise at highest has a sordid ring,
Marred by the breath which gives a human tone
To the clear scales of beauty's ordering.
So I praise not your beauty, nor the art
Whereby it enters as through prisons razed
The saddest barriers that defend my heart—
Fearing divinity were thus dispraised.
Your gift to me demands acceptance only;
Therefore I choose to hold inviolate
In one still chamber of a soul too lonely
To tempt much more assault by human fate
This precious spark, which may in after days
Wax warm with capabilities of praise.

WILLIAM FOSTER ELLIOTT.